

Thou wor'st that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.

Arc. That was a very good one, and that day
I well remember, you outdid me Cosen,
I never saw such valour: when you chargd
Vpon the left wing of the Enemy,
I spurd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.

Pal. You had indeede
A bright Bay I remember.

Arc. Yes but all
Was vainely labour'd in me, you outwent me,
Nor could my wishes reach you; yet a little
I did by imitation.

Pal. More by vertue,
You are modest Cosen.

Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder
Breake from the Troope.

Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour: Stay a little,
Is not this peece too freight?

Arc. No, no, tis well.

Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,
A bruise would be dishonour.

Arc. Now I am perfect.

Pal. Stand off then.

Arc. Take my Sword, I hold it better.

Pal. I thanke ye: No, keepe it, your life lyes on it,
Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,
For all my hopes: My Cause and honour guard me.

Arc. And me my love: * Is there ought else to say?

They bow se-
verall wayes:
then advance
and stand.

Pal. This onely, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son.
And that blood we desire to shed is mutuall,
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killst me
The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleepe in honour,
I wish his wearie soule, that falls may win it.

Fight

Fight bravely Cosen, give me thy noble hand.

Arc. Here *Palamon*: This hand shall never more
Come neare thee with such friendship.

Pal. I commend thee.

Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,
For none but such, dare die in these just Tryalls.
Once more farewell my Cosen,

Pal. Farewell *Arcite*.

Fight.

Hornes within: they stand.

Arc. Loe Cosen, loe, our Folly has undon us.

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,
If we be found, we are wretched, O retire
For honours sake, and safely presently
Into your Bush agen; Sir we shall finde
Too many howres to dye in, gentle Cosen:
If you be seene you perish instantly
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveale me,
For my contempt; Then all the world will scorne us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, Cosen

I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second Tryall.
I know your cunning, and I know your cause,
He that faints now, shame take him, put thy selfe
Vpon thy present guard.

Arc. You are not mad?

Pal. Or I will make th'advantage of this howre
Mine owne, and what to come shall threaten me,
I feare lesse then my fortune: know weake Cosen
I love *Emilia*, and in that ile bury
Thee, and all crosses else.

Arc. Then come, what can come
Thou shalt know. *Palamon*, I dare as well
Die, as discoure, or sleepe: Onely this feares me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life.

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Pal.